



Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Al Bid-Aya"

(feat. Yes Alexander)

[Jiddu Krishnamurti:]

"Does God exist, or not? Yes, or no? If yes, how best to realise him in this life?

Man throughout history from the ancient Greeks, from the ancient Sumerians, had this idea of God, right? I am not at all sure whether in the Upanishads and... whether they mention God at all. Or is it a later invention? What is God? I am not attacking God... I am not... denying god... but we are investigating whether there is such a thing as God"

[Yes Alexander:]

Only what you fear
Like this war unreal
See behind the veil
You want the hearts to fail
Give them my all your seed
But your spine they'll keep
Destroying your body
Fuck them, come break free

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"San La Muerte"

Yeah
My mic sound good?
Yeah (rata-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
One-two, one-two
Yeah (Raise the gates)
Look. Yeah. (rata-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
Listen
Yeah

It's node sub-optimal, so watch it when the Ruger spit
Record the homicide so I can watch how many views it get
Fuck the world, fuck 'em all, I'm tired of this music shit
The goombah gon' move regardless of who producing it
You dumb if you don't think that it's a shot gon' fly
I will cross your fucking T's and I will dot that eye
I will pop that nine, I will tighten the grip
You a sucka, you the type to take advice from a bitch
He defied God so he had to get his name cursed
Armed to the teeth, carry metal like a change purse
Make a list of raw motherfuckers, put my name first
Every single line is by design to make your brain burst
High like a motherfucker, I ain't hit the ground yet
Dumpin' till the whole clip empty like a sound check
Twenty plus years, Ahki, I ain't lost a round yet
Kemetic Orthodoxy where the ritual was founded

Nothing ever is enough, everybody getting touched
Motherfuckers is running up on me
The drama don't stop, get your whole block shot
All these shooters is running up on me
I got a big street sweeper, I'm the hood Grim Reaper
Motherfuckers is dying around me
My trigger finger stay itching, we cooking in the kitchen
I ain't fucking with nobody but me

So come hell or high water I'mma watch for the drop
I make this graveyard crowded like a popular spot
Nowadays it's kinda hard to tell a cop from a ahk
I'mma aim the chopper either way and pop who I pop
Listen, he a traitor so he left for the hills
Screaming high-pitched, crying like he Stephanie Mills
Ain't no iller voice in this shit
Die now or die later, that's the choices you get
It's moist and it's wet, living here is literally hell
Bodies stacking when I crack 'em like the Liberty Bell
This dummy broke, looking at the bottom of the pint
I'm coming with the heater like the bottom of the ninth

That's Allah and that's my life, wanna see me it's nothing
Just know that either way with me it's gonna be a concussion
Body bags everywhere, machetes here to chop 'em up
Put his body on ice and slap him like a hockey puck

Nothing ever is enough, everybody getting touched
Motherfuckers is running up on me
The drama don't stop, get your whole block shot
All these shooters is running up on me
I got a big street sweeper, I'm the hood Grim Reaper
Motherfuckers is dying around me
My trigger finger stay itching, we cooking in the kitchen
I ain't fucking with nobody but me

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Rashindun Caliphate"

Yeah, Jedi Mind

Look, yeah

Ayo doggy this about to get real, real dark
The bulldogs barkin' and them steel wheels dart
I don't call it theft if you steal real art
I'm like Benny Hinn medicine real deal heart
I'mma have him looking through his hands like peekaboo
This nerd seen looking for his body like Pikachu
They don't have to look far, he dead in the cathedral
He don't need air plus the body bag breathable
They still out here pitching the coach
And them D's waiting on him like a slippery slope
If you want the man to hang himself then give him a rope
And it's 10 below out here give him his coat
Your ass bent watch somebody playing with the shooter
Now the shooter gonna have to aim at your medulla
Everybody know Vinnie keeping it stacked
Everything above board, I'ma leave it at that

A young man went to see the world
What did he find? He found a war
He learned to kill, and then to cry
Until he cried no more

Ye, put you in the solar system with Shamesh
The murder came easy to me but I digress
Who want romp with me? Hmm?, why test
Oh, y'all wanna hate on me? God bless
Son thought living was the center of his purpose
But he ain't have God at the center of his worship
It's like the venom of the serpent
Talking to a person who a veteran insurgent
He like Medusa in the pit but he don't know he dealing with the nucleus of this
See, I'm the Lex Luthor of this shit and I'm gonna have to find another boot for you to kiss
The fire gonna burn and I'm lighting the gas
That's the easy way to learn now he enlightened to ask
It's twenty-plus years and we did it our way
Lights dimmed down Vinnie hallway

A young man went to see the world
What did he find? He found the war
He learned to kill, and then to cry
Until he cried no more

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Freshco & Miz"

"I mean, I understand it's a business
But come on, make an another reason why you made it for 50-60 dollars
I find dollar records that, that is, you know, and that's the truth
Because they all, they all start at a dollar
The guy that showed you that beat and it becomes so popular
He got it for a dollar or 50 cents, he didn't pay two hundred dollars for it (he payed 50 dollars)
And you know, he didn't pay anything for it
He payed a dollar, two dollars
Five dollars, tops
Now all of a sudden the fucking record is two hundred-something dollars
No, no, no, no, fuck that"

Yeah
We on that Freshco & Miz shit our here, pop
Listen, one two, yeah, yeah

Listen, money, you ain't gettin' nothin' from me
And the eighth of sour diesel medication for me
And the shit you spit – that's softer than vapid to me
All you get is hard work and dedication for me
And my brother Stoupe, he cook in a basement with me
That was years ago, now it's like it's ancient to me
We the definition how you age gracefully, B
I'm a God-fearer, ya'll are more of Satan to me
I don't fuck with swine, ya'll a piece of bacon to me
Ya'll as soft as baby shit, ya'll are jaded to me
This is complicated, ya'll do it too basically
And being scary was never a sensation for me
The best record ever made it take a nation to me
And this microphone it was always faithful to me
It cost money just to have a conversation with me
Time is money, dummy, I ain't got the patience in me, yuh

Listen, yeah
Listen money, you ain't gettin' notta from me
Not a penny, not a nickel, not a dollar from me
Or the Fendi or the Gucci or the Prada for me
Get a job, muhfucka, stop botherin' me
[?See I looked at Nicodemo?] like a father to me
My work effort too crazy to get farther than me
All you dirty mothafuckers should be honoring me
It's been twenty years of tryna take my aura from me
What you see as glamour life is like a horror to me
I ain't tryna lead a crib, it's always drama for me
That's the reason why I always got the lama on me
Cause they tryna hang a motherfuckin' charge over me
Ain't no judge in his right mind pardoning me

He gon' throw the book at me, ain't no bargain' for me
I'm a bad lieutenant, you just like a sergeant to me
Build with gods on another level, father degree, yeah

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"When The Body Goes Cold"

I was born with the devil whispering in my ear
I'm done trying to fight it
It's almost as if the darkness has showed me the light
You are a god

One two, yeah, pack pistol Pazienza
Yo Stoupe, what up hermano
Jedi Mind all day
Listen, check me out, yeah

It's proof positive he never thought before the loss
This stupid motherfucker put the cart before the horse
I navigate hurdles like a jockey on a horse
This stick shift way too sloppy on the Porsche
Palm sized highs are the double a two shooter
Pernell Whitaker when he movin' with Lou Duva
The gold dots don't go in you, they move through you
I beat a motherfucker like Bruiser abuse Luger
Sometimes we take it in blood it gotta be rid
Oh, this pussy want war, man he gotta be shit
I'm an animal that mean that I'm a monkey on the beat Ooh ooh ah ah
I don't like you doggy I don't like the company you keep
He ain't take the L well he about to concede
He like Stottlemeyer pa, far out of his league
Listen, Henry the 8th I'm taking his head
I'm like Yeshua with Lazarus, I'm wacking the dead
Have his body folded over like he making the bed
Him no god fearer he gonna worship Satan instead
See my chopper lonely and she need a oppa to kiss
I need bodies and your name is at the top of the list, stupid

Dope, crack, guns I ain't happy till we all get some
Ain't nothing funny when the chopper gets drawn
So we rise up, yeah we rise up, so we rise up
OD, pills, I ain't happy till your whole crew killed
Motherfucker, how these dumb dumb feels when we rise up
Yeah we rise up, so we rise up

Oh, you nicer than me money? That's a bald faced lie
How you worship Scarface knowing Scarface died?
You know the semi auto spittin when the car race by
The Bugatti Veyron is Beyonce fly
This is crack in a pipe and I cooked it in the Pyrex
O.G. taught a young boy to make a dime stretch
Junkies everywhere sniffing goma like it's Sinex
Anybody who doesn't know the time should check their timex
I met Sean Price and rocked steady where the god rests RIP Sean Price

Blood Runs Cold was recorded in the projects
The first record was too difficult to digest
Heavy on delirium and paranoia complex
Old motherfuckers still live in the past
And these young boys trash so I'm whipping their ass
Listen, my shooters push weight like a barbell
Never stepped on and it's cheaper than a yard sale

Dope, crack, guns I ain't happy till we all get some
Ain't nothing funny when the chopper gets drawn
So we rise up, yeah we rise up, so we rise up
OD, pills, I ain't happy till your whole crew killed
Motherfucker, how these dumb dumb feels when we rise up
Yeah we rise up, so we rise up

Yeah
Jedi Mind, steadily shine
Pack pistol Pazienza

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"What She Left Behind"

Tonight on Channel 5 News at 11
A grizzly story of a step-father gone mad
The violent details have left the local neighbourhood in shock

I still hear your voice in my mind
I still hear your voice in my mind
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)

I barely want you here, you think I want them here?
This is my fucking house, you think that I'ma pretend here?
They ain't my fucking blood, this ain't my kin here
Don't make me slap you up again and break a limb here
And this little one, he always starin' at the wall
Is he retarded or somethin', or he don't care at all?
You bring that autism shit up again, I swear to God
I told you it's all in your head, you couldn't bear the thought
I told you it's not a disorder, it's bad mothering
And you don't make it any better, you just choose to smother him
And this other one, she dresses like a harlot
So don't come runnin' to me when she claims she gets assaulted
And boys is gonna be boys, so they ain't to be faulted
With bitches dressed like that it's cause they wanna be exalted
So don't give me no fucking excuses, or she could get it too
I pay the bills in here, we both know that it's never you
It's my way or the highway, so make a fucking choice
Cause I don't like the way you make me raise my fucking voice
Matter fact, I'm outta here, I need a fucking beer
The choice is yours, get it together or disappear

Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)

Why the fuck ya'll still awake?
I need some time alone
The little one is crying, the other always dialin' the phone
You think I'm being rough on you? Well, I don't think I am
Watch me when I put you in this yoke and show you who I am
You're paying attention to me now? Now that I got violent?
When none of ya'll would move a fucking finger I was silent
I thought I had this beaten, and I thought that I was past it
Cause every woman that have come before you got they ass kicked
One of them was hospitalized, the other one was murdered
I made it look like accidents, cause both of them deserved it
But here we are, and I thought I have put this shit behind me

But what I'm feeling now has overcome me and has blind me
So why the fuck you're trying me?
I had to break the straw
And since this little one is cryin I have to break his jaw
And since your daughter dressing up and trying be a whore
I have to teach her a lesson and slide up in her raw
But that can wait for now, I'm gonna finish what I've started
I told your boy to shut his fucking mouth, is he retarded?
I'm the fucking victim here, the one who's brokenhearted
The one who no one loved, who was mistreated and discarded
The one who got abused and who was beaten all his life
The one who got confused and who was bleeding from the knife
I was drug through the mud, I was condescended
So I'ma take the three ya'll with me and I'ma end it
The cops is on their way now? Well, I ain't goin' to federal
But I ain't dyin' alone so now the three of ya'll is dead too

I still hear your voice in my mind
I still hear your voice in my mind
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Death Toll Rising"

Yeah, Jedi Mind
Pack Pistol Pazzy
Yo Stoupe, hermano, yeah

You talking gunplay? Well let's play with them guns
See, Allah don't like ugly and you stay in the slums
Pazienza take flights while you begging with bums
The cult of the black virgin isn't safe in the sun
Heckler & Koch, black ski mask and an onion
This motherfucker crack a smile like he's laughing at somethin'
Take his batiman hard like I'm snatching it from him
He ain't smart enough to understand assassins is comin'
I'm blasting this son, this something put you in the tomb
And that whopper go (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta) shoot through the room
My dude I'm a goon, strapped with two-two's in the womb
See and Pazzy's spelling something and it's usually doom
Shit is gonna get ugly if you violate my space
The six pack click-clack barrel in his face
Them jump out boys will hit you without warning
Bring pies to your crib like this was a housewarming
(Welcome to the neighborhood!)

Hold up doggy, that's the type of weapon you with?
That's the type of bullshit you should've left in the whip
You ain't worthy of the bullets I got left in the clip
Soon as shit starts popping I go right for the grip
I'm liable to flip, serial killer and it's copycat
The Mossberg lean, it's 7 percent bodyfat
You the main producer of predictable punani rap
Chamber pressure pushes the bullet and push his body back
You cookin' in the kitchen but avoiding the chef
I'm like Heisenberg, mastermind, boiling meth
Homie have to take an L it's unavoidable death
They say the plant'll grow sturdy if the soil is wet
On some greaseball shit, overflowing with gravy
Don't tell me about the pain just show me the baby
On some De La shit pa, I am who I be
The executioner is coming and it's probably me
Muerte!

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Shed The Skin To Receive The World (Interlude)"
(feat. Yes Alexander)

Do you remember how we met?

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Certified Dope"

(feat. Eamon)

Yeah
One, two
One, two
One, two
Yeah
One, two
One, two
One, two
Aight look
Yeah

Anybody think they can't test the bol, prolly
Word bond, this is the best, that Sean Connery
We pure, come from the chest of Bob Marley
Abstain from the ways of the flesh, that's not godly
Cube started out on the west with my posse
No pork I don't put mess in my body
Bullets gonna rip through the vest like hot saki
Always gonna give you the best, but not Robby
Everything herb and liquor like hot toddy
We gon' trick 31 like Rob Zombie
You can't control the drum, you rock sloppy
I don't play second fiddle, I'm not Scottie
If Vinnie gonna spray the block, he rock shotty
The .45 caliber kick and stop Roddy's
Weisenthal loaded the clip and shot Nazis
Now to rhyme, made a decision and shot Gandhi

Please don't make me feel like I gotta bust a shot. Hoo!

(One two) Shot
(Yeah, yeah)

Please don't make me feel like I gotta cock this nine. Hoo!

(One two) Nine
Hah hah

There's no choice wielding here, salute Generals
Cops trying to get him on lock to boost Federal
They said Vinnie one of the best but too technical
When I tried slowin' it down it's too sensical
The covenant dark in the soul, the Blue Sentinel
Call this little 9 a dime and shoot ten at you
The mark that we made in the game, too indelible
God made dirt, and dirt produce vegetables
My heart pumps, runnin' the lane, you move minimal
It's octopus slums so beware a few tentacles
The rhyme too fine and the wine too delectable

My voice wave stronger than yours, it move decibels
Manowar making it loud and move decibel
The snare don't knock and the kick is too minimal
Sayin' that you're better than dirt is too literal
Straight left over the jab induce medical
Muerte

Please don't make me feel like I gotta bust a shot. Hoo!

(One two) Shot
(Yeah, yeah)

Please don't make me feel like I gotta cock this nine. Hoo!

(One two) Nine
Hah hah

Yeah
Stoupe what up

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Hell's Henchman"

Yeah

One, two, pack pistol Pazienza
Yo, Stoupe, yeah yeah this shit's crazy
Yeah

He ain't gonna act right
He ain't got a one two
Murder, murder gunplay
All these killers hunt you

No honor amongst thieves 'round here
Sniff OC's and dope d's 'round here

It's no honor amongst thieves

You should've knew he was foul

Ain't no beating me you dummies should've threw in the towel
And if I owe you, Vinnie threw in the vow
And these pistols gonna blow like we do in the trap
Listen, I saw son name scribbled on the document
Disembodied Nephilim aboriginal occupant
The witchcraft watches an indivisible monument
Nebuchadnezzar, the prophetic vision of Solomon
A real thin line between the Wesson and the sword
Pistol gang Pazzy have you questioning the lord
You backwards motherfuckers wrestling with fraud
Recording in the bedroom the best you can afford
There's sneaker boxes but there ain't no shoes up in the box
The rap Paul Bunyan, Vinnie moving with an ox
Pistolero Pazzy gonna be shooting at an ock
The 50 cal Barret lift a loser out his socks

He ain't gonna act right
He ain't got a one two
Murder, murder gunplay
All these killers hunt you

No honor amongst thieves 'round here
Sniff oc's and dope d's 'round here

He ain't gonna act right
He ain't got a one two
Murder, murder gunplay
All these killers hunt you

We cut coke and sell jums round here
We push dope and tote guns round here

I ain't fucking with you money I'm just grinding through the gristle
I kept my eyes peeled because I'm riding with a whistle
Fiocchi hollow points, they just colliding with the tissue

The makti and Gaadafi were providing me with missiles
This dirty motherfucker always cooking me the pies
The same motherfucker couldn't look me in the eyes
I know the fucking D's gonna book me if he dies
His head got popped boy, you shouldn't be surprised
You got shooters? I got shooters, we can do the thing
Once they see the guns they gonna be talking like they Pootie Tang
Bullets coming back at motherfuckers like a boomerang
They knock me on some stupid shit and have me doing two in chains
Did a lot of talking when the powder on his man
There's burn marks and gunpowder on my hand
What type of shit is that? That's the move a sucker make
You don't wanna scrap I'll take you out like it's a fuckin' date

He ain't gonna act right
He ain't got a one two
Murder, murder gunplay
All these killers hunt you
No honor amongst thieves 'round here
Sniff oc's and dope d's 'round here

He ain't gonna act right
He ain't got a one two
Murder, murder gunplay
All these killers hunt you
We cut coke and sell jums round here
We push dope and tote guns round here

Yeah, pack pistol Pazzy

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"God Forsaken"

Yeah, Jedi Mind

Listen

The big four fifth gon' split 'em in the middle
In a little I'mma riddle, I be feeling kinda brittle
I was dealing with the ghetto I was feeling for the ghetto
I was feeling for the metal and my feet was on the pedal
I was feeling like Geppetto I was showing them the plans
And the pain far worse if you know it in advance
It was going to the hands and it's over with a dance
When you're walking over sands in the holiest of lands
And the holiest of man told me put it in a rhymebook
You would never understand the beauty othe f the rhyme, look
Blood is on the rhymebook, blood is on the walls
And the blood is dripping everywhere similar to jaws
And it's similar to wars and the chopper gon' spit
For every single rhyme there's a Llama getting hit
I was silent for a bit but I'm back for the crown
With the black and the brown and a mac and a pound
Yeah

They put a lean on you and the beam on you
They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

They put a lean on you and the beam on you
They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

Hit 'em with a long pipe jig 'em with a long knife
Hit 'em in the middle and I grill 'em with a bombstrike
Show 'em what the god like show 'em how to die
Show them that it ain't nobody holier than I
If they holier than I then they holier than Jah
And they holier than anybody roaming in the sky
It's colder in July the blacksmith anvil popping off low key that'll get your man killed
Turn 'em in the landfill turn 'em into particles
The forty round chrome mac attachment make it possible [?]
I had to kill 'em honorable I had to kill 'em fast
And I had to build a legacy I had to build a path
I be building with the gods so I gotta deal with math
And I'm all about the fetty so I gotta deal with cash
And the shotty pointed at him so he had to do the dash
And he had to break north and he had to do it fast

They put a lean on you and the beam on you
They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

They put a lean on you and the beam on you

They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Legacy Of The Prophet"
(feat. Sean Price)

[Sean Price:]

Yo, let's play gats for hire
Slung when I was young I set stray cats on fire
Sick puppy, I shoot doberman pinschers
Now niggas think I'm crazy and I notice their whispers
I know that you novice, promoting your garbage
Pro bono, no homo, we toting the large shit
I wrote this rap on the stoop
Beat made by Stoupe, stupid with execute
Bet I rhyme slick, rhyme fuck your mind up, the Jedi Mind Trick
Cocaine and weed shit, bet I'm high bitch
Blow strains, you bleed bitch let 'em die quick (P!)
Totin' the gat nigga
Up in the voter's booth I'm voting for black niggas
I slump your resident, slap niggas who want Trump for president

P

[Vinnie Paz:]

You can say whatever, it can be whatever
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better
Let the truth be told
We just stacking this cheddar
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

You can say whatever, it can be whatever
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better
Let the truth be told
We just stacking this cheddar
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

Either way somebody dying I will get him or his man
I got shooters from the bottom that will hit him for a band
I will chastise a disbeliever, hit him on his hand
Survivalist, I'm telling you I'm living off the land
Afghani indica I'm paranoid as dollar sign
Young boys will shoot this motherfucker like it's Columbine
Equality and fairness an injustice of the paradigm
The fifty cal always close to me like a pal of mine
It's no telling when the felon will clap
Donatello, I will leave a fucking shell on your back
Body in flame you gonna need a Relafen pack
See my money long I'm talking about an elephant stack
Tall man undertaker, haul 'em and I bag 'em
You getting close to fire, B, you talking to a dragon
I will line 'em up and let them know the whopper will blast
And the bullets hit a tree it's gonna chop it in half

You can say whatever, it can be whatever
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better
Let the truth be told
We just stacking this cheddar
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

You can say whatever, it can be whatever
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better
Let the truth be told
We just stacking this cheddar
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

Sean Price forever!

You know what the deal is
Ain't another brother seeing me
You better recognize
Any MC who gets mean now that's a dumb move
You know what the deal is
Whack MCs need to stay away, put the mic down

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"You Have One Devil But Five Angels"

Wa-watch out
Come from the east
Coming from the east side
Wa-watch out
Wa-wa-watch out
The infinity
Coming from the east side
Come from the east
Wa-watch out
Wa-wa -- wa-wa-watch out

Yeah
I expected nothin' less, this dummy came with his man
But as stupid as he is, he shoulda came with a plan
See, technologically this is enslavement of man
The heart of the abode, or the believers in shame
Whether you speak Yoruba, Santería and witchcraft
I ain't even know they made a roly for your bitch ass
All it take a little bit of buzz for you to get gas
Enjoy yourself stupid, this shit will be over quick, fast
The hell day, Halloween, demon was born
And money, death is waiting for you like I'm beepin' a horn
My shooters move the D like they be with Mahorn [?]
Impale a mothafucka, go to sleep when it's dawn
You ain't got no aura, B, ain't no type of showmanship
Rigor mortis, body dead, lookin' like you pose for flix
Ain't too accurate to barb with a rum
And my biscuit always with me like we father and son, stupid

Yeah, listen, listen
Yeah, I had it up to here with this bitch
Take a body for another body like we switch shifts
You don't wanna be on the shit list
Pull the chopper out and fire on him like he dismiss (ta-ta-ta)
It's pyrex everywhere and baking soda, Bisquick
It's dark here, the average person couldn't handle this shit
There's bodies piled up like Nostradamus predicted
Talkin' out the side your fuckin' mouth will get you lifted (ta-ta-ta)
The SUV is a convertible van
Head shot, body shot like Roberto Duran
How this pussy turn stayed after he murdered his man
I'm fabulous overseas, free birds in Japan
Have these bullets flyin' just to see his vertical span
Now these gloves is comin' off like I'm nursin' my hand
Revere me as a God, Ming the Merciless, man
This a Leatherface chainsaw surgical plan
Muerte!

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Marciano's Reign"

(feat. Scott Stallone)

The rain is gods tears, it pours when he cry
But know that you welcome in his arms when you die
The rain is the form of a gas in the sky
That bring back life to a plant when it's dry
The rain purify and wash away dirt
And wash away anything in your life that could hurt
Rain is water in its most pure form
The rain pour down make it cool when it's warm
The rain sound good on my pain when I'm sleep
The ocean love rain and the drain in the deep
Rain play a role in protecting the ground
Prevents us from the the politicians lettin' us down
The rain known to alleviate stress
So go for a walk in the rain it's the best
The rain came then the love came over me
Its Pete's Theme let the love rain over me

Ooh Let it rain, let it rain
Let me know the cold and how it feels
And I'll never turn away
Ooh feel the pain, beautiful pain
Let me hold on to the memory of how you looked today

Embrace the pain boy it's good for the soul
You face the pain and see it could make you whole
Ignoring the pain will make you hurt someone else
Go towards pain it's a gain for the self
Pain isn't bad it could make you feel free
It isn't life threatening it make me feel me
Kill two birds with one stone, even three
By recognizing pain is too painful to see
Pain is the opposite, run it to hell fleein'
Negative emotion is key to well being
Anger and pain are an important part of life
Important as the way the sun sets in the night
Pain can help you breathe and calculate fact
Give you time to think and evaluate that
Accepting the pain by breathing slow, breathe deep
And you will never have to feel pain when you sleep

Ooh Let it rain, let it rain
Let me know the cold and how it feels
And I'll never turn away
Ooh feel the pain, beautiful pain
Let me hold on to the memory of how you looked today

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Torture Chamber"
(feat. CZARFACE)

B-B-Breathe
I-Is you with me?
Yes, yes
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)
Breathe
Oh-Oh yeah
Just you wait

B-B-Breathe
I-Is you with me?
Yes, yes
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)
Breathe
Oh-Oh yeah
Just you wait

[Inspectah Deck:]

They onto your name when you reach the top
How I got 'em lined up, have it lookin' like a new Jordan sneaker drop
That's when the speaking stop
That's when the creepers plot
That's cause the hate start to burn like tequila shots
That's cause I came from the bottom now I'm here
As long as you don't step in my airs then I don't care
Got a one way ticket to Cashville
Still make dome spin faster than Jag wheels and that's real
Wanna swim with the shark, think you big fish?
I ain't talking hairstyles how your wig's twist
I'm talking reckless
I'm talking effortless
I talk later I'm checking off my checklist
That's the bank I get
For devil's loose lips, green eyes, screw face – that's the thanks I get
High rank I set
While you be in your BCBG's frontin' on some gangsta shit

B-B-Breathe
I-Is you with me?
Yes, yes
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)
Breathe
Oh-Oh yeah
Just you wait

B-B-Breathe
I-Is you with me?

Yes, yes
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)
Breathe
Oh-Oh yeah
Just you wait

[Esoteric:]

We're the rhyming replacement for Michael Myers and Jason
A homicidal invasion, I'll watch you die in a basement
I'll put your spine in a basin
I'll cut your limbs into thirds
Cause you ain't half the rapper that you was, shits for the birds
You're where I'm flowin' on a rabid hunt
I'm bussin' and I'm rushin' like that LeGarrette Blount
Frontin' like you ballin' but you had to punt
A pharaoh with a killer rep
Movin' with a Philly vet, who put me on a Willie Pep
And now I'm busting realer step
Or I may be louder than Baby in Baby Driver
Amazing, embrace the rhymer
I'm major, you placed in minor
I killed it
You pay the piper like I'm rowdy Roddy
Body ciphers like a Bengal tiger
I'm hyper, there's no survivors
My saliva melts steel
The vibe is real (yeah)
I'll autograph your bodybags so it's signed and sealed
Yeah, you gotta give it to him
Another pivotal win
I'm coming at your neck like I work for Digital Sin
Yo

Breathe
I-Is you with me?
Yes, yes
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)
Breathe
Oh-Oh yeah
Just you wait

[Vinnie Paz:]

Yeah

Listen, slime, you a nursery rhyme, spider on the back
And mine is like putting a lighter to the crack
That new Gucci shit got the tiger on the back
And the Lamborghini sound like it's a lion in the back
The goyard bags make it seem like its braille
The HK got a scope and a beam on a rail
See, as long as I'm alive I be the reason you fail
And if you reach for somethin' I'ma have this nina repel (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
It took a minute but I'm back on my deen
But I still got these hitters that'll clap through a bean (ta-ta-ta-ta)
Ya'll ain't the fightin' type, I don't understand ya'll

All you hear is shots and sirens like you in a dance hall
Arroz con gandules & mofongo when the fam call
Puerto Ricans everywhere, it's like we playing handball
Ya'll the type that for trick for plays, motherfuckers flea-flick
Creep on 'em and murk him with the pillow that he sleep with

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Letter Concerning The Intellect"

Vinnie the chin, my mentor was Genovese
Prada kicks the same color as fettuccine
He tried to test his loyalty like Adebisi
Nothing in common with anyone who had it easy
This motherfucker talking guns when he had a BB
In the tomb of the vizier with Nefertiti
We honorable like we Tuskegee
Bear claws and a buckskin leather tipi
The hollow tips burn slow like they're pepperoncini
I'm with Broken Matt Hardy and the seven deities
Make salad so my soul will reset
He a plug so I let the fuckin' modem connect
Y'all got me confused like I givva give a fuck
What y'all consider being on the up I call beginner's luck
You's a small fry, Webster Papadopoulos
Everything from here on released from you is posthumous

Yeah, the Gucci luggage is a rusty brown
I need some fly shit to check into this dusty town
I told you I don't fuck around
I be in camouflage gore-Tex shorty in a lovely gown
It's not a home if its occupants died
He could take this fucking shot like his doctor prescribed
How the fuck it's logic to him if his logic is lies
With his miracle and Kabah and philosopher's eyes
Mulberry silk is the favorite fabric
Inshallah bring peace to the Asiatic
While your wife is a basic savage
Your body transported on wheels like a baby carriage
Disrespectful I will mush you in your face
Because disrespecting you is how I put you in your place
This ain't nothing new, everybody know you been a ho
Fiends here looking for the butter like a dinner roll

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Making A Killing"

(feat. Thea Alana)

There's absolutely no trick to looking back on the great injustices of our time
And condemning them, we understand that, we've got that
The trick is always to look at what we're doing today
As if we're at some point in the future looking back
And figure out what the oppressions and the injustices are that we're committing today
And to get them out of our lives

[Thea Alana:]

Heaven said no

When you knocked out the door
Your fire could kill a child and a mom
Heaven said no
When you pointed your gun
Your face could make the joker wake up

[Vinnie Paz:]

Do you have compassion for everything alive?
Or animals don't matter to you, they can be deprived
Animals are individuals and have feelings too
They feel loneliness and happiness like people do
25 billion killed every year
The average person culpable for 90 plus a year
Overcrowded stalls, cages, and crates
No sunlight, no grass under their feet
They breathe, and they think, and they feel
But we feast, and we drink, and we kill
Factory farms inject stimulants and hormones
They're fed other cows, they're fed hog bones
Hundreds of thousands are poisoned and blinded
To test cosmetics for the small, small minded
The rain forests being destroyed to raise cattle
Wildlife habitat became the battle
They spray farms with herbicides and pesticides
You know how much poison is in insecticides?
The same chemicals destroy topsoil and leak into the ground and turn the ocean into oil
Genetically manipulated to grow larger
Only to be led to the slaughter
I don't see it as being a conquest
But people need to fight while there's still time left

[Thea Alana:]

Heaven said no

When you knocked out the door
Your fire could kill a child and a mom
Heaven said no
When you pointed your gun

Your face could make the joker wake up

[Vinnie Paz:]

Crash and combine the crates and tear them by the neck
They can't move their bodies and they could starve to death
They bang their heads from the psychological distress
Hellish conditions, that's not what I would call respect
Would you do that to your dog or your cat?
Do you really see the difference in a frog or a rat?
What's sacred to you here might not be sacred in Tibet
So who are you to say what should be eaten or a pet
It's a revolving door and it turn, you can't differentiate between the moral concern
An agitated pig might bite each other's tails
So they hack it off at birth and then they lead it into hell
Chicken beaks are seared off by farmers
But they call it debeaking, I call it torture
Boiled alive, you don't think it's karma?
Money come before mercy, that's the mantra
Cows give birth, their calves are separated
Factory workers are either scared or they're jaded
The leather industry is tied to the meat industry
Inextricably they're both responsible for misery
A non-meat diet can slow the process of aging
Avoid toxic food, contaminants, and enslavement
Reduce global warming and end world hunger
So think about it next time you sit down for supper

[Thea Alana:]

Heaven said no
When you knocked out the door
Your fire could kill a child and a mom
Heaven said no
When you pointed your gun
Your face could make the joker wake up